

# THE SHANGHAIED BROKER

## True Detective Story of an Implacable Scheme of Revenge By THOMAS BYRNES ("Inspector" Byrnes)

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THE Jekyll and Hyde state of affairs—of two entirely different personalities in the same man—is not so uncommon as people suppose. Few men know the depths that are in them, that may be brought out by circumstances, and when the sleeping demon springs into life he cannot be controlled. There's many a convict who has the best elements in him, and there are more Jean Valjeans walking the streets of New-York than anybody knows except the police, and the police keep the knowledge to themselves.

This case is the strange story of George Holyoke (that was not the name, but it is near enough), and it gave us so much trouble and caused so much newspaper criticism and denunciation of the detective bureau while it lasted that the temptation to reveal the facts was strong. They did not come out at the time, however, and a death-bed promise is a binding one on any man who gives it, but as these lines will give no clue to the man's identity or family there is no reason why they should not be told now.

Holyoke came to New-York from the South after the Civil War and built up a fine commission business on the Cotton Exchange. He soon was recognized as the best authority on the course of the market in the city. A group of his customers who had realized large profits by acting on his advice gave him a dinner at Delmonico's, then situated at Broadway and Chambers-st. It became a jolly occasion, and the guest was in remarkably buoyant spirits. He was credited with telling the best story, singing the best song and in other ways proving himself the star of the occasion. The entertainment continued until two o'clock, when Holyoke, deciding not to go to his apartment up town, set out to walk four blocks to the Astor House.

He started alone for the big gray-stone hotel; but he never reached it. The only clue obtained of him was from a patrolman on Roosevelt-st., who described a young man in evening dress, who evidently was under the influence of wine, stumbling along, apparently toward the ferry. The police were notified the following day, and later Holyoke's friends offered a large reward to stimulate the search. No possible reason existed for flight. His business was prosperous, and he did not owe a dollar. The mystery was a deep one, and the papers were full of it for weeks. As weeks ran into months it was referred to from time to time and grew into a standing cause of complaint against the alleged inefficiency of the police department. We could do nothing. We



"I Burst Upon Them, Furious With Indignation"

never at any time had the ghost of a clue. My own conviction was that the man had been murdered and thrown into the East River, and the tide being right had been carried out past Sandy Hook into oblivion.

The sensation was consequently a great one when, five months afterward, Holyoke walked into the Exchange one morning, just as if nothing had happened, and offered to trade. His friends, at first staggered at the sight of him, gave him a roaring reception and overwhelmed him with questions, which in a cold and surly way he brushed aside. "I've been away; but I'm back and ready for business," he said, and that was all they could get out of him. He was haggard, resembling a man who had had a severe illness, and down his left cheek, from the corner of the eye to the jaw, was a deep red scar still inflamed. Something serious had happened; but as he would not talk of it they respected his feeling and let him alone.

I called on him, because I had given the case days and nights of investigation, and was surprised at the kind of man I found. He always had been described as one of youthful, buoyant enthusiasm and jolly disposition. I found a man of thirty-five, showing no traces of these qualities, but cold, polite, haggard and nervous, something like a man with chronic neuralgia. He dismissed the subject with a word, saying it was nobody's business but his own, and that he did not care to talk about it. That was all he would say. His friends, however, confirmed this entire change in his disposition. He was as good a business man as ever, but had become entirely unsocial. He would not take a drink, go to a club or join in a dinner. He had become a silent, moody recluse who, after business hours, went to his apartment and saw no one. He had no wife, and his family relatives were all in the South.

So the thing passed out of my mind and that of the public and was forgotten. About a year after-

ward, however, a general alarm was received at all station-houses one night announcing a mysterious murder in the precinct adjoining mine. Hiram Walker, a sea Captain and head of a firm that owned a fleet of sailing-ships, with wharves at Peck Slip, had been waylaid on an unfrequented street near the Battery and killed with a knife. There had been only one thrust, but that was a strong and sure one, given from in front and reaching the heart. Walker lived on Staten Island, and was on his way to the Whitehall ferry. No attempt was made to rob the body. Several arrests were made, but the suspects could not be held.

Walker was Captain of the brig Evening Star, belonging to his company, which had come into port laden with coffee. She had been absent for almost a year, during which time she had visited several cities in the Mediterranean. She had taken from New-York a general cargo of hardware and canned goods. From Smyrna she had gone in ballast to Rio Janeiro, had been chartered to London, and after taking a local cargo, went thence to Pernambuco, returning to New-York. After discharging at a warehouse in Brooklyn, the brig was towed to a shipyard near Pike-st. for extensive repairs. The Captain and first mate were retained to superintend the overhauling, but the crew was let go.

Before the excitement over Walker's murder had died out the first mate of the Evening Star was found lying in his blood on Catherine-st. one night, with a knife wound similar to that inflicted upon the shipping merchant. There were no signs of a scuffle, and his watch and money were undisturbed.

The man had died instantly; nobody heard a cry or saw the crime committed. The narrow thoroughfare leads to a Brooklyn ferry and is crowded until the boats are laid up for the night; but at three o'clock in the morning, when the fate, the street was deserted. "The

man met his only clue to the murder was a knife, with a keen edge and dagger's point, found in the gutter.

The Captain and first mate of the Evening Star were notoriously brutal to their men at sea. This gave us a clue. A search of the sailors' boarding-houses, in which the second mate gave assistance, showed that every man in the crew of the brig had re-shipped and was at sea. Arrests were made, but nobody could be held for the crime.

Ten days later the notification of a stabbing-affair that happened on Pike-st. was brought to my station at four o'clock in the morning. A young man



"A Demon Within Me Clamored for Blood"



Holyoke Came From the South